

meadows; the flanders horses in the farm-yard, lazily whisking their tails, to scare off the hosts of gnats. But now all was gloomy and desolate; the orchard trees clashed their arms together in the tempest; torrents of water poured from the thatch; now and then a heavier gust caused the spray of the distant sea to mingle with the rain, and pools of salt water soaked here and there in the garden. The beggar unhooked the wicket, passed in, and with feeble hand struck the door again and again.

"Who's there?" at length exclaimed a gruff voice from within.

"Then God may take care of you, for I will not," said the farmer. "There be tramps enough I know, now-a-days."

"Only an outhouse and bundle of straw, please the poor man."

"Be off with you," shouted the farmer, "or I'll loose the dog."

"I give you one more chance, Jan Marseen," said the beggar. "Will you yield me a night's lodging?"

"Here, Gormo! Gormo!" cried the farmer again. And a fierce growl within showed that the dog had answered his master's voice.

The beggar, without troubling himself to hurry, walked quietly through the garden, out into the village street and passed on.

Now come with me to another farmhouse, half a mile further on, and somewhat nearer the sea. This time we will step into the kitchen, and see who there.

A cheerful, happy group. At one side of the fire the *Housefather*, (as the Germans say,) Conrad School, a strong, sunburnt, good-humored farmer. He is righting a pair of shears that is out of order, and every now and then casting a well-pleased glance on the other—on his wife, Dame Fleta, who is plying her needle busily on the other side of the fire, and Coletta, who is helping her younger brother Willibald to make a cross-bow, and little Trudechen, who is playing with the great long-haired dog that lies basking before the fire.

"I wish Poppo would come in," said Dame School at length.

"More like that I shall have to get out," answered her husband. The *Water-stall* will want all the hands they can get to-night. It is an awful storm, surely. By St. Willibald, what a gust that was!"

I must stop to explain to you that the *Water-stall* are the persons into whose charge the dykes of Holland are given. They have a large revenue, and many officers and servants under them; and one of their chief stations is the *Honds-bossehe*, of which I have already spoken.

"I trust, father, there will be no mischief," said Coletta.

"Aye, child, and you would say so a thousand times as earnestly if you could remember the last great storm—ten years ago come next month. Aye! that was a storm indeed! And yet we had but little of it here."

"I shall go out, wife, if this lasts," said School. "Last tide only wanted four inches of the highest I ever saw; and that is near a foot above Great Danger mark. Hark! what is that?"

A hand was laid on the door, and an aged voice said—"Take a poor man in for the love of God!"

"Mary, come in and welcome," cried Conrad, starting up. "It is not the night for a dog to be out in." He drew back the bar—the door was dashed open by the wind—the squall beat into the house—the fire glared out, and it wanted the strong man's full strength to close it again. The same beggar whom we saw before, pale, weary, and dripping from head to foot, stood in the kitchen.

"Come in, good man, come nearer to the fire!" cried Dame Fleta. "What's its use but to warm a body at? Nay, never stand about the tiles. I'll warrant it's easier to clean them than to cure a fever."

"That's true," said the honest farmer. "Or stay—step this way, man—anything were better than those wet rags."

With many thanks, the beggar followed his host, and presently came back wrapped up in a thick dry rug.

"Set on supper, girl," said her father to Coletta; "this honest man is hungry, I know—and if he is not, I am."

So the supper was set on; a mighty bonfire in the hearth of which had fattened himself on the second of October, a great Permerend cheese; bread as white as snow, and Alkmaar beer.

And now the storm lulled a little. The beggar, seated at the lower end of the long table, that shone like a black looking-glass, said little and ate scarcely anything. The others, and especially Conrad, commented on the tempest, wondered if Poppo would return that night, and told doleful stories of past floods. Towards eight o'clock the wind rose again.

"I will go out, said the farmer; 'it is a shame to leave those men on such a night.' And he had just taken down his ponderous stick, when the door was shaken violently, and a voice shouted, 'let me in! let me in!'"

"It is Poppo!" cried Coletta; and she flew to the door.

"Father!" cried the young man, rushing in, battered and drenched with the storm, "come to the Dyke instantly! The water is higher than the Water-warden remembers it in the year of the great flood—all the village is out—old Simon the sail-maker has sent us his last yard of canvas; come at once."

And father and son were off in a moment.

A wild fierce scene. A long dyke, steep to the land, sloping more gently off to the sea; its narrow summit alive with strong men, hurrying this way and that; torches glaring out with a horrible brightness; the sea roaring and shouting with a noise far more dreadful than thunder; the long waves licking up the ascent, even to the very top, and every now and then sweeping over, and deluging the land side with tuns of water; the wind howling and shrieking along the embankments, some hurrying onwards with bundles of willow twigs, some in groups of five or six kneeling on the ground, and stitching up sacks of sand; the officers bellowing out their orders, here and there a heap of straw fired for a clearer light seaward; everywhere terror, confusion, cries, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting of the men.

Old Jan Oosterhout, the Water-warden, had just given orders to raise a work of sand-bags breast-high on the worst defended part of the dyke. Four times had the sea washed over it, and the last time a stream of water, twenty feet broad, poured into the village.

"I think it's giving below, Captain," said Poppo School.

"Then God have mercy upon us!" cried the Water-warden. "Can never a one of you lend a hand to peg a sail down?"

"I'll try," cried Poppo; "I'll try," said Conrad; and "I'll try," cried three or four more of the stoutest hearts.

"Straw here! straw here!" shouted Oosterhout; "School! look to that. Poppo, have three sail breadths stitched together. We want more hands. Run down some one, to old Willibald's wife, and tell her to ring the alarm bell. Hold hard, lad! join hands! God a mercy! Here it comes."

Hands were clasped in a moment. The bellow of the approaching wave—the hissing, lapping sound as it rolled up the bank—and then the surge swept over the top, and for a moment none could tell which was water and which land.

The wave swept back again into the great deep. Then came the race for life and death. Barrows of sand rolled up to the place—the needles flew through the canvases—the bags were filled—a hundred hands were busy in piling them, and for some time it seemed as if the waves were baffled in their intent.

Towards nine o'clock that night the gust drove fiercer, and the rain beat heavier, on Farmer School's gabies. And ever and anon came a sound which none then present had ever heard—a heavy fall and rush on the roof, as the tops of some of the mountain waves were carried right over the embankment, and swept down like a deluge into the village. Mother and children sat by the fire in terror—scarcely a word spoken—only now and then a half-suppressed cry as the thunder of the sea, or the roar of the falling spray, was louder than common.

A knock at the door. It opened. The beggar who had left shortly after Conrad School had gone forth, again entered.

"Do you wish to be saved?" said he. "If you do, follow me."

"Follow you where?" cried Dame School wildly. "And where is my husband?"

"Be of good cheer," he answered. "Your husband shall be saved also. But in an hour where we are now standing will be a deep sea. One house only in the village will hold out against the inundation, and that is Jan Maarsen's. Thither you must go."

They looked at him in amazement. Beggar still in outward appearance, he spoke so that they felt that his words were truth. None dared to ask him whence he had his tidings. They knew not who it was that spoke; only they felt that he was not of this world.

"Will my husband and my son be saved?" asked Dame Fleta, in a low voice.

"I will look to their safety. Follow me, and at once."

Steadily themselves as well as they could against the blast, the mother and her children went forth into the village street. A pitch-black night. On the sea-wall glaring ghastly fires; and ever and anon a bright cloud of spray bursting up high above them. In the streets women and children hurrying wildly by. Cries, shrieks, and confusion everywhere.

"Press on, and turn neither right nor left," said their leader.

A louder thunder from the dyke; and such a shower of spray fell as drenched them to the skin, and made them gasp for breath.

"Keep on to Maarsen's," again said their guide; "I go to save the others."

They passed on. At the garden wall they met Jan Maarsen himself hurrying out in a frenzy of despair.

"Stay, good neighbor, stay," cried Dame School. But he rushed past. Thankful once more to be in shelter, the three hastened in at the door which the unhappy man had left open, closed it, and sank down on their knees.

"We have made a good fight, boys," said the water-warden of the dyke; "but we are beaten. God have mercy on our souls! for our bodies will be for the fishes."

"Can nothing more be done?" said Poppo.

"What is the use of building above when the foundations are going?" said Oosterhout coolly. "Come, my lads, let us all forgive and ask to be forgiven, if we have any matter between us; and then kneel down and the sea may do its worst."

"Follow me," said a deep, low voice at Conrad's side.

"Where?" he cried, starting. "Who spoke?"

"Follow me," again said the voice. And father and son afterwards used to say that neither knowing why nor whether they were to follow, they felt compelled to go. They saw nothing; they only heard a voice before them. Generally it only said, "follow," but once or twice it cried more loudly, "follow quicker!" Onwards and onwards it led them, till they stood at Jan Maarsen's door.

"In," said the voice; "and take refuge in the upper story; and you will be saved."

At the same hour, fifty miles away, Philip School, the boat-builder of Harderwyk was sitting at supper. A low, quaint, boarded room, leaning out over the canal; the walls ornamented with three or four strange fish, dried and nailed against the panelling; the fire, crackling and merry; the rain dashing in floods against the shutters; even the lazy canal rippling against its bank.

"A bad night this," said Philip to himself. "A very bad night. The water-stall will have enough to do. Fry the dykes, this will." And he solaced himself with another draught from the tankard which stood by his elbow.

A step on the crazy, tumble-down stairs.

"Who can it be at this time of night?" said the old boat-builder. "Why, the whole town must be a-bed."

The beggar whom he saw before at Kamp opened the door.

"Philip School," said he, "man a boat for Alkmaar."

The old man—he knew not why—trembled.

"A boat for Alkmaar?" cried he. "And why?"

"To save your brother," said the other.

"And how? I pray you," asked Philip School.

"Half an hour ago," said the visitor, "the Honds-bossehe gave way. In an hour, Lake Fleva and the Zuyder Zee will be one. In two hours both will join the ocean. Do as I bid you, and do it without loss of time." And he vanished.

"O! chuncks of midnight," 'proachin' day,

You've got a chance to make it pay

That was indeed a night for Holland. In peaceful little country villages, weary men lay down to dream of labors of another day; mothers, pillowed their little ones on their arms and rejoiced in their sweet sleep; nurses watched the uneasy rest of the sick; evil men awoke to their deeds of darkness, and went stealthily about. Suddenly, a distant hum, like the sound of evening insects around a sunny oak. It grows louder; now it is like the wind in the distant forest. A strange, cold spray of gale. A fearful shaking and trembling as of an earthquake. A rumbling and bellowing, louder, fiercer, wilder; than a roar of water—a few shrieks, a few moments' struggles, and the village was blotted out from the world. Between sunrise and sunset eighty thousand persons went to their last account.

Two houses only stood where the inundation reached; one the castle of Bredehoe, near Dord; and the farm of Jan Maarsen, at Kamp.

And a hundred years after, before Maarsen's gate, might be seen a stone, with the legend, in old Dutch letters: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Vermont Daily Transcript.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

OUR PAPER.—We present to our readers to-day, with an excellent story and the usual telegraphic, local, and miscellaneous matter, one of the richest poems ever produced in Yankeeeland. The author has cautioned us against mentioning his name, but "his mark" is so plain upon the poem that the caution is superfluous. The person who omits to read it misses a rare treat, and several hearty laughs.

[For the Transcript.]

Times for the Ransomed.

Yankee thought and Yankee guns Shall guard old Aethiopia's sons, Till in due time her hosts shall be All educated, happy, free, And no more fearing Slavery's rod Outstretch her swarthy arms to God.

"Jes so," says Brother Jonathan, "We'll do it, what on't isn't done. Come Sambo, Dinah come along! We'll right this old infernal wrong; We've straightened out its blasted links,— Hot work undain' all their kinks;— Guess Slavery's chain has gone to smash, And suthin happened to her lash!"

"Wall! now, the fust thing, now you're free, Is, I am to cypher,—that's the i-dee, And lay up suthin, 'gin a day, When blackest wool has streaks o' grey. Don't be tu fast,—jest look around, Afore you buy your cotton ground, And when you du, might make believe Don't want to buy,—you're goin' to leave,— Tu big a price, must throw off half,— An' when they du, don't up an' laff,— Look solum,—say it's pretty tuff! Tu pay so much for worn out stuff; Get title sure, then show your fren's Your plows and plough shares,—means and en's— Ain't cat o' nine tails, an' the backs Of white folks' colour, mixed with black's, An' so forelong, that warn out sile Will turn up, rich an' fat as ile.

You'll have to vote forelong, per'aps; Then mind, look out, them rebel chaps, 'Bout 'lection time, will git you tite, An' you'll believe that black is white. We'll send you down some Temperance trax Explainin' Andy Johnson's acts;— And Yankee schoolma'ms, that 'ill be A better Moses 'cross the sea.

Must have a Deestrick School House now, Sence A B C's won't raise a row;— Your little picaninies need, An' so du you, to larn to read, An' 'Sarch the Scriptures,' that you've heard Dispensed *with*,—in the preach-ed word, 'Cept where they tell 'bout cussin Ham, An' Miss Delilah's wheedlin' Sam-Son, till she sheared off all his hair, An' left him in Philistines' care,— The English Neutrals that then ware.

You'll want to larn The Rule of Three, 'Bout Faith, & Hope, & Charity;— The Faith that's ollers up an' duin', An' Hope 'hat sticks, you know, like gluein', An' Charity that's 'mazin' slow To take Revenge an' Wrath in tow, But don't see how she can exempt Old Massa'Jeff, from pullin' hemp. As tu yer school house, an' its site,— The cheapest ones is ollers right. Got enny frog ponds, 'way down there? Or rocky spots, a-mostwise bare, An' good for nothin' else? then raise Your school house there, o' rainy days. Be savin'! 'tan't the house you want, It's *Larnin'*, same as in Vermont.

Where hoe-cake suits, an' black suits grow, No need much wheat nor cloth tu sow, To keep the folks, the year about, From mortal wants inside an' out. We have tu coax the hills an' rocks Tu take an' nuss our gro'in' flocks, An' scratch the airth's old back beam deep, Afore she'll give us grain tu reap.

O! chuncks of midnight, 'proachin' day,

You've got a chance to make it pay

Tu pitch into it, head an' heels,— Work day an' night, an' bolt your meals. Jes! fill ole Nater's buzum full Of cotton-seed, an' cotton-wool, An' Yankee Whitney's cotton gin— Not *tother* kind—will fetch the tin. Why, feller critters! see, you're sot In all creation's garden spot. The West ain't it! You've got the fat, Off on her mountain ribs, spread flat. It's bin a flo'in', 'way down South, Out of them monstrous rivers' mouth, Sence when old mastodons were 'fraid, To stick a foot in, for tu wade. We s'pose you might drive down a spile, One top of 'tother, half a mile, An' then not tetch the upper side Of that 'are fat, that fust was fried.

What of the weather is some hot,— 'Bout right to bile a Hotentot,— An' skeeters grow as big as chickens, And alligators raise the dickens, If ever you get tangled in Their countenance's openin';— Jes kill 'em, dry 'em—small expense Will make 'em inty picket fence. Bein' all done brown, from head to feet, You've got the hang uv sun stroke heat— Don't want umbrills,—can't melt or tan,— Stood Slavery, an' what *can't* yer stan'? You've weathered putty much the wust That human critters ever eust.— You've tetcht the bottom now, no doubt,— Got foot hold, chance to flounder out; No gettin' lower, if you try,— Its up or nowhere, up or die.

In Night's cold bed, we've hearn 'em say, The darkest hour lies next to day; Now of there's life in Yankee east Your Sun is risin' up

DOWN EAST.

"Have you seen Prangs Chromo? "Old Oaken Bucket," "Falconer and Bride."

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democrats of the First Congressional District met at Middlebury on Monday, and nominated John Cain, Editor of the Rutland *Courier*, as the candidate for Congress, Emerson R. Wright, of Middlebury, and G. M. Simmonds, of Middlebury, were elected delegates to the Democratic Convention. J. L. Hawkins was chosen Presidential Elector for the District.

NAPIER, THE ABYSSINIAN CONQUEROR.—Sir Robert Napier, the general commanding the Abyssinian expedition is not a member of the historic Napier family. He was born in Ceylon, entered the Indian army at the age of sixteen, and has participated in most of the military enterprises in India during the last forty years. Without family connection or patronage he has fought his way upward to the foremost rank in the Indian army, is a Knight of the Bath and of the Star in India, and at Magdala he has undoubtedly won for himself a peerage and a pension.

THE TEXAS CATTLE TRADE.—Large sums of money have been brought into our State this spring for the purpose of purchasing beeves. It is said \$75,000 alone have been paid out in Bell county for this product of our prairies. Large droves of cattle are now wending their way to Missouri from Texas, by way of Arkansas. Recently Texas beeves have been shipped from New Orleans to Louisville. This trade promises to be immense, and will bring in millions of dollars annually. So much for the Texas prairies.—*Houston Telegraph*.

Millinery and Dress Making.

Miss Dumas would respectfully announce to the Ladies of St. Albans and vicinity, that she has just returned from market with a

NEW and STYLISH ASSORTMENT

MILLINERY GOODS

CONSISTING OF

BONNETS AND HAT S:

FAWN, NORMA, LA ROSE, CRESCENT, CONSTANCE, CHATEAU, SUNNYSIDE

FRENCH CORSETS, THREAD LACE COLLARS, MOURNING SETS, KID GLOVES, HEAD BANDS, LACES, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, EMBROIDERY, FRINGES, GIMP, BUTTONS, &c., &c.

Our stock of Mourning Goods is complete. Our rooms are neat and tasty, and visitors and customers will find a pleasant welcome to them. Hats and Bonnets in great variety, and at low prices.

ROOMS over FULTON MARKET, MAIN STREET, St. Albans, Vermont, May 23, 1868. 47-4f

REMOVED.

THE Subscriber has removed his stock of goods to Barnes' Block, Lake Street, opposite the St. Albans Foundry, and will continue business there until the completion of his new store on Main Street. VICTOR ATWOOD. St. Albans, May 11, 1868. 216-4f

FOR SPRING STYLES OF HATS AND CAPS, call on WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

GOTO WM. N. SMITH & CO'S for Gray's Patent Moulded Collar.

Removed.

D. R. S. S. CLARK has removed to South Main Street. Office at his residence St. Albans, Vt., May 2, 1868 89-4f

CLOTHING, Clothing for Spring at WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

FOR SPRING STYLES OF PANTS AND VEST call at WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

M'GOWAN & BROWN, FAMILY GROCERIES.

SADDLERY, CARRIAGE.

AND BUILDING HARDWARE.

We have the largest and best assorted stock of goods of every description, in the above line, to be found in the State. As agents for the largest Belling Factories, we keep a supply of

LEATHER BELTING

Of all sizes on hand. We offer a full and complete assortment of

Carriage and Harness Makers' Supplies.

And are constantly receiving consignments of a superior article of Oak and Hemlock Harness Leather, Patent Collar, and Bussot, Grain and Split Skirting and Winker, Hard and soft Dash, Enamelled Oil Top and

GRAIN BOOT LEATHER.

ALSO CARPETING AND OIL CLOTH,

Which we offer at a low cash figure.

M'GOWAN & BROWN, J. FROTHINGHAM M'GOWAN, St. Albans, Vt. GEORGE W. BROWN. 41-4f

10,000 ROLLS

PAPER HANGINGS

Of different patterns.

OIL SHADES, CURTAIN FIXTURES, CO.-D AND TASSELS.

Also, FURNITURE

Of all kinds, just received, at 14-4f H. LIVINGSTON & SONS.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE!

THE subscriber offers for sale to the people of St. Albans, Franklin County and vicinity, a very well selected stock of choice

Drugs, Chemicals, Resinoids &c.

Perfumeries and Fancy Articles generally such as are kept in a first class City Drug Store.

PATENT MEDICINES.

HAIR RESTORERS.—Mrs. Allen's, Hall's, Ring's, Martha Washington, Webster's, Sterling's, Barrell's, Shield's, Mexican &c., &c.

TRUSSELS, SUPPORTERS, SHOULDER BRACES, &c., &c

Choice Druggists' Groceries!

Such as pure spices, Cream Tartar, Soda, Mustards, Soaps, Flavoring Extracts, Farina, Corn Starch, Wheaton Grits, &c.

Prescriptions Carefully Prepared

And Druggists' and Physicians' orders solicited. This store will not be undersold by any on goods of the same quality, but will sustain, at all events, its reputation for cheapness and reliability, and in all cases we shall be happy to receive our customers, and wait on them with proper care and attention.

Dr. A. M. Plant, late of Milton, will be pleased to receive all his friends and acquaintances.

ST. ALBANS LIQUOR AGENCY.

Pure Liquors constantly on hand for medicinal purposes.

41-4f S. R. DAY, Agent.

VICTOR ATWOOD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

IRON, STEEL, GLASS, NAILS, OIL, PAINTS,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

SEEDS, MECHANICS TOOLS, SHELF HARDWARE AND CARRIAGE MAKERS STOCK.

BARNES' BLOCK, LAKE ST.

St. Albans, May 14, 1868. 43-4f

THE ST. ALBANS BRIGADE BAND

Are prepared to furnish music for

FIREMEN and MILITARY PARADES, PICNICS, EXCURSIONS, DANCES,

And on other occasions where Band and String Music is required.

Orders addressed to GEORGE E. KINSLEY, OR TO W. H. SMITH,

At the Tremont House, will receive prompt attention.

Persons desiring the services of this Band on the 4th of July, should hand in their bids before the 10th of June. 44-4f

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS, you will find at WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

HATS FOR BOYS: CAPS FOR BOYS AT WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

Messrs. Scofield & Vincent.

LAKE STREET, ST ALBANS

Constantly keep on hand a fresh supply of the best

FAMILY GROCERIES.

Consisting of

Flour, Grain, Feed, Butter, Pork, Fish, Vegetables, Etc., Sugars, Molasses, Teas, Coffees, Spices &c

And indeed an assortment consisting of articles too numerous to mention, but all such as are needed for family use, and at the most reasonable prices. Call and examine our